Library
Carthagena, Ohio
AUG 18 '61

THE SEARCH FOR IBSEN
—Richard Gilman

THE

Commonweal

Changing U.S. Policy

Franco Spain: Act III

by Richard L.-G. Deverall

More Harm Than Good

Narcotics and the Law

by Will Sparks

WELFARE A LA NEWBURGH . . . . . by James O'Gara
MANN ON DOCTOR FAUSTUS . . . . by Daniel M. Friedenberg
THEOLOGY IN FRANCE . . . . . by Gregory Baum
POEMS OF ROBERT GRAVES . . . . . by Max Cosman

Volume LXXIV, No. 19 August 25, 1961 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLEGES
conducted by the

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF CARONDELET

California

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE Los Angeles 49
Arts and Sciences — Home Economics
Elementary and Secondary Education
Medical Technology — Nursing — Graduate Programs
Special Program: Adult Education
B.A. B.M. B.S. M.A. M.M. M.S. in Ed.

Minnesota

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE St. Paul 5
Arts and Sciences — Library Science
Elementary and Secondary Education
Nursing — Home Economics — Physical Education
Special Programs: Area Studies
European Summer Seminar
Educational Television
B.A. B.S. B.S. in L.S.

Missouri

FONTBONNE COLLEGE St. Louis 5
Arts and Sciences
Dietetics and Home Economics
Elementary and Secondary Education
Business and Business Education
Speech Correction
Teaching Speech to the Deaf
B.A., B.M. and B.S. in Medical Technology

THE COLLEGE OF ST. TERESA Kansas City 13
Arts and Sciences — Home Economics
Elementary and Secondary Education
Business Administration — Nursing
Medical Record Library Science — Physical Education
Special Programs: Adult Education
B.A. B.S.

New York

THE COLLEGE OF SAINT ROSE Albany 8
Arts and Sciences
Economics and Business Education
Elementary and Secondary Education
Special Graduate Programs:
Intensive-Teacher-Training in Elementary Education;
Speech Correction and Hearing;
Teaching Mentally Retarded
B.A. B.S. B.S. in Ed.
M.A. M.S. M.S. in Ed.

All colleges fully accredited

For further information address Directors of Admission

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 459

Welfare a la Newburgh
by James O'Gara 462

Franco Spain: Act III
by Richard L.-G. Deverall 463

Narcotics and the Law
by Will Sparks 467

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 470

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 471

Communications 472

The Search for Ibsen
by Richard Gilman 473

Books 476

THE COMMONWEAL
232 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at Orange, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly from mid-July to mid-September, at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

Copyright © 1961 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U.S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢
Printed at the Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

TERMS OF THE STRUGGLE

THE NEW Communist Party blueprint is not a surprising document. What it does, for the most part, is to elevate into Marxist-Leninist dogma the various tenets of Khrushchevism put into practice during the past few years.

Most significant of the new dogmas, perhaps, is that war between the capitalist nations and those which have achieved "socialism" is not inevitable, despite Lenin's pronouncement to the contrary. Nevertheless, the two systems of life are held to be irreconcilable enemies, and the struggle between them, according to the new manifesto, demands constant vigilance on the part of the peace-loving "socialists." Hence the Soviet Union must maintain a military capability sufficient to resist an always-possible imperialist attack. But the "socialist" peoples do not rely merely on the strength of their armies. Their great advantage in the world contest is that history is on their side: "Capitalism has entered its final stage . . . imperialism is decaying."

Proof of this principle, the Communist declaration goes on, is the extraordinary advance in prosperity and well-being made in a few short years by the people of the Soviet Union and other lands which have embraced "socialism," and the comparative stagnation of the capitalist economies. Furthermore, it is claimed, the Soviet Union will continue and even accelerate the remarkable progress it has already achieved, finding abundance and happiness along "the highroad to socialism," while the capitalist nations are gradually destroyed from within in consequence of their "internal contradictions." According to the "laws of scientific development" which have by now been established by the events of history, the road to "socialism . . . will be taken sooner or later by all peoples."

If there was little that was surprising in this latest, revised edition of the Communist version of history, the reaction to it in much of the American press was somewhat unexpected—and somewhat alarming. In many of our newspapers and journals, the new Communist program was greeted simply with outrage and indignation. Most of them heaped scorn on the predictions of peace and plenty under the Soviet system, and sneered at the economic goals Premier Khrushchev set for the U.S.S.R. "Pie in the sky" was a favorite editorial phrase, and it was declared solemnly that while the Soviet Union might well achieve its stupendous goals in this or that area of its economy, it surely would not reach them in that or this area. Some commentators went so far as to observe, triumphantly, that increases of productivity in certain key industries of the U.S.S.R. might reach four or five hundred per cent but the United States had such a headstart that it could outstrip the Soviets for several decades!

Much was made of the fact that the new Communist program reiterated a determination to "bury" the West, not by means of hot war but through victory in economic, "peaceful competition." And the challenge, "We will bury you," was met by a defiant, not to say hysterical, "Oh no you won't!"

SUCH A REACTION to the Communist challenge, we submit, betrays a lack of perception calamitous in the molders of public opinion.

First of all, it is a fool's game to be taken in by Communist semantics, to spring automatically to the defense of the villainous "capitalism" in the Communist melodrama. Such "capitalism" is not merely decaying, as the Party program asserts; it is long since dead and gone. And when it is claimed that mankind is moving inevitably toward "socialism," who can deny it, if no more is meant than a system of government control of those aspects of the economy which function badly without control?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As for the achievement of material progress under the Soviet system, one might think that the pundits would remember their previous mistaken judgments. The economic and military recovery of the Soviet Union after World War II was declared by the "experts" to be impossible. So was its effort to catch up with the U.S. lead in nuclear technology. So too was its development of missiles, its boast that the Soviet space program would beat the West to the moon, its claim that it would this year put a man into space.

Most of all, however, it is perilous to respond to the Communists merely on their own material level. Clearly, the West does not wish to be "buried" by the Soviets in any way, and we must make every effort to prevent such a thing. But we must not fall into the trap of believing that our struggle with the Communists is a contest of Gross National Products, a competition between standards of living.

Perhaps the Soviet economic system is—or could be—in certain respects more efficient than ours. If so, would the claims of Western democracy then be nullified? Surely our faith in freedom and democracy is not that they will make us richer in what we have but richer in what we are. We believe that Communism is founded on a mistaken and crippling estimate of man, that only in freedom can the human person be fulfilled. Isn't this our quarrel with the Communists, and not the number of bathtubs we can produce?

"A VENTURE IN TRIVIALITY"

THE *National Review* has always been of particular interest to many Catholics. Those who are called, for lack of a better term, "liberal" have normally disdained its point of view, while those called "conservative" have hailed the journal with delight. William F. Buckley, Jr., the magazine's editor-in-chief, first won national attention with his book, *God and Man at Yale,* and since the establishment of the *National Review,* he has frequently put forward his conservative views before Catholic groups. Many readers of this magazine will remember Mr. Buckley's side of the "liberal-conservative debate" in our issue of Dec. 16, 1960.

All this makes the editorial comments of the *National Review* on Pope John's recent encyclical of more than passing interest. For one thing, not once in the *National Review's* comment is *Mater et Magistra* referred to as a papal encyclical and not once is Pope John XXIII mentioned. Instead, the new encyclical is described simply and anonymously as "the large sprawling document released by the Vatican last week on the seventieth anniversary of Leo XIII's famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum.*" We have no idea whether these twin omissions are by accident or design, but in either case they strike us as significant. We doubt very much, certainly, that many other editorial comments on *Mater et Magistra* will be found which neither identify it as a papal encyclical nor even once mention its author.

As the *National Review* sees it, "the large sprawling document" will be studied and argued over for years to come. It may eventually "be considered central to the social teachings of the Catholic Church; or, like Pius IX's *Syllabus of Errors,* it may become the source of embarrassed explanations." In the process of study and argument about the encyclical, there is little doubt where *National Review* stands: "Whatever its final effect, it must strike many as a venture in triviality coming at this particular time in history." Why? The Pope, apparently, is just not "anti-Communist" and pro-capitalist enough for the *National Review*. "The most obtrusive social phenomena of the moment are surely the continuing and demonic successes of the Communists, of which there is scant mention; the extraordinary material well-being that such free economic systems as Japan's, West Germany's, and our own are generating, of which, it would seem, insufficient notice is taken; and the dehumanization, under technology-*cum*-statism, of the individual's role in life, to which there are allusions, but without the rhetorical emphasis given to other matters."

This is not to say that the *National Review* finds nothing good in *Mater et Magistra.* "There are, of course," the magazine notes, "eloquent passages stressing the spiritual side of man, as one would expect there should be." What the *National Review* gives in one sentence, though, it takes away in the next. "But it is not unlikely that, in the years ahead, *Mater et Magistra* will suffer from comparison with the American Catholic Bishops' hierarchy of emphases, in their notable annual message of November 1960." One can only hope the American Bishops appreciate the compliment.

As we see it, there is one real merit in the editorial position the *National Review* has taken on the new encyclical: it is straightforward. As such, we consider it a clear improvement over what is often standard practice in Catholic conservative circles: to claim theoretical acceptance of the social thought expressed in papal encyclicals while denying its applicability in almost every specific situation. But this is about the only merit we can see in the *National Review's* position.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Catholics, the whole question of the precise authority to be given to the papal encyclicals is a complicated one. Certainly these documents should not be used as clubs with which to beat those who dissent on this or that particular prudential judgment. At the same time, there is another and perhaps greater danger, one which is well illustrated in a "joke" about "Mother and Teacher" which the *National Review* prints in its issue for August 12: "Going the rounds in Catholic conservative circles," the *National Review* reports, is this: *"Mater sí, Magistra* no." This is a clever enough line, and it is clearly intended only as a shorthand comment. Nonetheless, its implications are disturbing, and for Catholics who are seriously interested in making their views on temporal questions conform with their religious convictions, we think the attitude reflected in the joke will not do.

In the course of our own editorial on *Mater et Magistra,* we said: "In their treatment of the encyclical, all the newspaper stories we have seen so far have stressed the fact that the Pope was not speaking *ex cathedra*—that the encyclical does not define a doctrine of faith or morals that binds Catholics under pain of sin. In one sense this caution is a healthy sign, for there has been in some circles too much tendency to create a 'Catholic party line' on social questions involving a great measure of prudential judgment; at the same time, however, it should be noted that this approach could be pushed too far. The new social encyclical represents a solemn application of traditional Catholic principles to the problems of our day, and this by the successor of St. Peter; it therefore has to be regarded with the utmost gravity. No one, certainly, should take the statement that *Mater et Magistra* is not *ex cathedra* to mean that the principles it enunciates can be lightly dismissed or easily evaded."

For our part, we are ready to stand on that statement. Whatever jokes are "going the rounds in Catholic conservative circles," the Church is Mother, yes, and Teacher, too.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice of this and many other journals, The Commonweal is now publishing on a summer schedule, appearing in alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues of the magazine will be dated September 8 and September 22. From that point on The Commonweal will return to its normal weekly schedule.

A MIGHTY TASK

SO FAR the Cuban delegates have provided most of the color and drama at the Pan American economic conference. Their flourishes have diverted attention from the main business of the attempted Alliance for Progress. This is not to deny that Fidelismo has an extensive following among the impoverished Latin American masses which imparts a new urgency to the effort to meet their amply justified aspirations. But the conference does not deal directly with the Castro attempts at subversion, effectively brought to most of these peoples in their own tongue.

The Alliance for Progress rather directs itself to the complex problem of raising per capita productivity so as to enable peoples long exploited or grievously neglected to attain a humanly decent way of life. The fact that envisaged plans involve redistribution of wealth, and are therefore opposed by present ruling classes, is one of the chief obstacles. Institution of a truly living wage and of acceptable working conditions would cut into profits that widen the gap between the Latin American worker and the well-to-do. The latter also resist the plan for serious tax reforms.

In rural areas holdings are often so extensive that the wealthy landowner does not bother to cultivate large tracts of fertile land, while great numbers of the local populace go hungry. Moreover the peons now manifest strong aspirations to have productive land of their own; redistributing is an essential.

But both farming and industry also need to be carried on in a much less haphazard fashion. Ownership is an important first step in a program designed to assure the success of new small holdings. Technicians will be of key importance, especially at the outset, while such matters as credit, transport, markets, etc., can hardly be left to chance.

Despite an abundance of natural resources, the prospect for industry in Latin America is a precarious one. Besides such needs as education, public health, credit and technicians, the question of markets is paramount. There are few instances where a single country could absorb the entire output of a new industry; rather, new plants would be geared to a common Latin American market.

All this requires outside capital on a scale not hitherto contemplated. The United States is to be responsible for the lion's share of the twenty billions called for in the next decade. To work, the Alliance has to be a genuine joint effort of all the nations in the Western hemisphere. Its unwavering focus belongs on the well-being of Latin American peoples.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WELFARE A LA NEWBURGH

FOR YEARS Newburgh, New York, was associated in my mind with the spirit of Christian charity, simply because there used to be a Catholic Worker farm nearby. Now that the town is receiving national fame—or notoriety—for its "get-tough" welfare policy, I find it hard to think of it as a prime symbol of civic know-nothingism. But that is about all Newburgh's celebrated crackdown on "loafers" and "relief chiselers" amounts to, I think.

Newburgh does have its problems. What American city these days does not? But in recent weeks city officials have consistently tried to create the impression that welfare is Newburgh's major problem and that this would largely disappear a) if Southern Negroes did not come North for the purpose of going on relief, and b) if able-bodied welfare recipients were ferreted out and put to work. And in the process constant references to "an influx from the South" a "relief class," "disease, crime, and illegitimacy" have to my mind blatantly encouraged anti-Negro bias.

Pressed by reporters for facts which would justify Newburgh's crusade, the city manager has resorted to some fast and fancy statistics. Unfortunately for his case, his figures either do not support his arguments or are shortly thereafter exposed as inaccurate and misleading. Indeed, it now turns out that even the statistics for the "impartial" report which began Newburgh's crackdown were supplied by the city manager and in fact that the report itself was written by him.

To me one of the most distressing things about the Newburgh situation has been the way city officials have harped on the question of immorality and illegitimacy among those on the relief rolls. Desertion remains the poor man's divorce, white or black, and there are on every city's welfare rolls deserted mothers and children born out of legal wedlock. I presume Newburgh is no exception, but I see no excuse for the statements its officials have made.

In these cases, the children's welfare should be paramount. If the mother's day-to-day conduct imperils the moral well-being of her children, it is now and has always been possible for city officials in Newburgh to have the children placed in foster homes. But to suggest that this should be standard practice in what usually amount to common-law marriages strikes me as cruel and bad public policy, and the truth is that there are not in Newburgh or most cities foster homes available for all the children, legitimate and otherwise, who already need care.

On this issue Senator Barry Goldwater has lined up solidly with Newburgh, declaring that he for one is tired of paying taxes to support illegitimacy. This may be good rhetoric, but that's all it is. Family disorganization and economic hardship tend to come together, and the problem of illegitimacy is a delicate and complex one. No one has an illegitimate child in order to collect $17.50 a month from the city of Newburgh, and surely no one believes that intimidation or starvation will solve the problem.

Despite a barrage of contradictory and misleading statements, certain facts have by now become clear about the Newburgh situation. For one thing, city officials have been completely unable to show that there has been any great influx of Southern Negroes onto the relief rolls, and in fact white people constitute the majority of those receiving welfare assistance. For another, most of those who receive public assistance are either children or those who are either too old or too sick to care for themselves. And finally, despite Mr. Mitchell, there is absolutely no evidence to support the claim that the welfare lists are crowded with able-bodied men who ought to be put to work.

This last notion continues to be one of the great middle-class myths. Any welfare program is bound to have some abuses, and I don't doubt that Newburgh will manage to find some if it keeps trying. But so far its much-vaunted search of the relief rolls has turned up one "able-bodied" man—a one-eyed apprentice steelworker who was laid off some months ago, was later a patient in a mental hospital, then lost out on a job because he had to care for his five children while his wife was hospitalized with pneumonia. Furthermore, to drive the point home, the man is white and was born and raised in Newburgh. City manager Mitchell will have to do better than that, I think.

The Newburgh Commissioner of Public Welfare resigned his post in protest weeks ago. The job was then removed from civil service status to make its future occupants directly responsible to Mr. Mitchell, and the post was filled by a former football coach whose chief qualification seems to be that he agrees with his new boss and has absolutely no training in social work. Now Newburgh is searching for case workers who reject what Mr. Mitchell calls the prevailing welfare philosophy and who will successfully implement his "get tough" program, which includes the power to limit assistance to three months out of the year and to bar migrants. Some crusade!

No one wants chiselers or loafers on the relief rolls. But what Newburgh is doing is not a crackdown on chiselers; it is psychological warfare waged against those who are least able to defend themselves. Senator Goldwater may endorse the campaign if he wishes; I certainly think less of him for it. JAMES O'GARA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Franco Spain: Act III

United States policy toward Spain is changing, but the danger is that the change will be too late

by RICHARD L.-G. DEVERALL

IN A SPEECH before the Spanish Cortes this past June, Generalissimo Francisco Franco declared that Spain has never had a "more popular or representative" regime in its history. Having decreed within the year a new set of rigidly repressive measures, he nevertheless affirmed that the Franco system is "more advanced" than that of such countries as the United States. "To try, in this mid-twentieth century, to live under political systems conceived a hundred fifty years ago," he went on, "is to disregard the considerable advance made in man's thinking." And even as General Franco was denouncing "capitalism" and "liberalism," and describing the Spanish police dictatorship as "the wave of the future," NATO General Lauris Norstad and others in Washington were urging the admission of Spain to NATO, an organization dedicated to the acceptance and promotion of the democracy which Franco scorns today as when he was an admirer of Hitler and Mussolini.

The dilemma of the United States *vis-à-vis* Franco Spain is a problem of long standing. Our big decision in regard to Spain seems to have been primarily a Pentagon decision, for after we scrapped the boycott of Franco and began extending military aid and building bases in Spain in 1953, our diplomats seemingly followed the lead of the Generals and the Admirals. Our diplomats, taking their cue from the then Ambassador (John Davis Lodge) proceeded on the premise that Franco must not only be appeased but praised if we were to gain Spanish "friendship." Indeed, one of President Eisenhower's last official acts was to send a long message to General Franco telling him how important Franco Spain was to the free world. And even after President Kennedy was inaugurated, ex-Ambassador Lodge, serving as caretaker, publicly advocated Spain's admittance to NATO.

Less than a year ago I spent some time in Madrid conferring with many of the men who may well be the core of the first Cabinet of a free Spanish government. Many have been in and out of prisons; some of them, after I left, went on trial for subversion and treason, but were later released. These men, and I, met for a conference one midnight (conferences in Madrid begin after supper, and supper begins at eleven o'clock). One friend declared: "We are revolted by America's policy here. Franco is bankrupt—he needs you. Yet we find the Americans kneeling before Franco and virtually apologizing for their democratic form of government. Your policy towards Spain is idiotic; it is a policy against the Spanish people, and by allying yourself with Franco, when he goes you lose your only friend here."

ANOTHER distinguished and well-known Spanish democratic leader steered me through the center of Madrid to one of the oldest and most elegant Spanish restaurants. As we passed through the Place of the Sun, he motioned to a large building: "There is the headquarters of the Spanish Gestapo—I know the interior plan quite well, particularly the lower levels underground!" A devout Roman Catholic, a sincere and intelligent man, he explained that many Spaniards, during the summer of 1960, prayed for the victory of Jack Kennedy, for they were sure that a President Kennedy with an Adlai Stevenson at his side would change the strange and short-sighted U.S. policy in Spain. "If you do not change," he warned, "it is your last chance and, for us, the end. Then we have only one road open: the way of Fidel Castro." Later, when I met exiled friends of this great man in Paris and told them what he had said, they were shocked. "Go the way of Castro?" one said in amazement. "He would never have said that one year before. You see how badly things go? *Alors!*"

The policy of President Kennedy, as I interpret it here, seems to be shifting towards encouragement of

Mr. Deverall, well known in Catholic social action and labor circles, is with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the goal of so many Spanish democrats—the end of Franco, the restoration of a constitutional monarchy and, finally, a plebiscite to give the Spanish a chance to voice their own desires. But the shift has been slow and the danger could be that it is too slow.

Yet there has been a change. When the *Santa Maria* case first broke, the Pentagon at once dubbed it "piracy" and indicated that the U.S. Navy would take appropriate action. The following day President Kennedy reversed the Pentagon and thenceforth we dealt with Captain Galvao and his *Santa Maria* as rebels operating on Portugese territory, i.e., the kidnapped *Santa Maria.* Reaction in Madrid was instant. The leading official dailies denounced President Kennedy for daring to recognize an opposition to Dictator Salazar and warned the American President that he was playing with fire. Franco has associated his own fate with the fate of Salazar, for he knows that when the break comes in Portugal the rule of Franco will end soon after.

What must be realized—and I am afraid it is not—is that enormous changes have taken place in Spain since 1955, changes which make the Spain of today oceans apart from the Spain of the Civil War period (1936-39). Most significant among these changes are the growth of internal resistance, and the basic shift on the part of the two primary forces in Spain which historically have made or broken governments: the Church and the Army.

The position of the Army has generally been either negative or passive. By this I mean that every shift in Spain has come after the situation became so bad that the Generals felt it was time for a change. It was the Army which decided ultimately that Alphonso XIII should abdicate; it was the Generals (including Franco!) who decided that there should be a Spanish Republic; and it was the Generals who in 1936 decided that the Republic should be junked—and thus Franco came to power. But the Army is preoccupied with questions of posts, pension rights, the danger of failure —and the surety of success. The Generals have acted, historically, only when they were sure of success.

The Church, on the other hand, has been a positive force. At the time Franco rebelled against the Republic, the extreme anti-clericalism of certain elements supporting the Republic had outraged the hierarchy and, once civil war became general, the brutal execution of priests and the shameful persecution of many nuns served to harden Church support for Franco, a support which seemed almost unconditional.

IN THE immediate post-war period, when the victorious Allies might have taken strong action, they contented themselves with a mere diplomatic boycott. Franco, of course, stiffened; and when the workers launched anti-regime strikes in 1947, Franco crushed the underground union leaders ruthlessly, sending many of the leaders to prison for twenty or thirty years (many of them have since either died or gone blind in prison). The outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, and the ending of the U.N. boycott of Spain, was followed by increasingly massive U.S. aid, but the nature of the fascist "controlled" economy was such that the aid served to accelerate corruption of the government and inflation became far more serious. By 1955 the Franco government faced a serious economic crisis. Only more massive American aid, in the minds of leading Spaniards, saved the Franco regime from collapse.

The 1955 crisis, followed by student revolts and riots in 1956, and a rash of boycotts, strikes for higher wages and worker demonstrations, underscored the unpopularity of Franco and his regime. All were ruthlessly crushed, police controls were tightened, student and worker leaders were methodically transferred into prisons, and publishing a mere pamphlet became the crime of "military rebellion." The widespread strikes forced a wage increase of twenty per cent, but the wave of inflation became worse and the wage increase was wiped out.

The 1955 crisis, and the upsurge against Franco, underlined two basic facts.

First, the Church was turning away from Franco in spite of the Concordat and the initial blessing of the man celebrated in 1939 as the one who had saved Spain from Communism. An eminent Jesuit sociologist published in 1955 a dramatic speech in which he condemned the puppet "trade unions" imposed on Spanish workers *and* employers; and concurrently the militant Bishop of the Canary Islands published a letter which denied that the Spanish unions were either genuine or Christian. These were the first overt signs of a change in the relation between Church and State.

Second, and related to the first, is the emergence of an entire new generation of Spaniards to whom the Civil War is something studied in the university or school classroom. Boys and girls born on the eve of the Civil War reached maturity in 1956. Young men and women in the universities after the 1955 crisis judge Franco not on his speeches about the past but by how he treats them in the present. Brutal repression, the spectacle of thugs running through the halls of the University of Madrid and the University of Barcelona with pistols and clubs—the new generation judged Francisco Franco by such deeds, not by slogans from other days.

Happily, the influx of foreign aid, and more recently the membership of Spain in the O.E.E.C., has brought foreign advice and demands for structural reforms, foreign criticism, and foreign tourists by the hundreds of thousands. As Spaniards told me in 1959, and again last year, the ears and eyes and hearts of the Spanish people are being opened. The young of today see people from free and democratic countries, from places where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

education is unfettered, where there is no government censorship, where the police do not rule (in Barcelona there is one policeman for every eight adults!), and where there is a chance for the scientist, the artist, the medical man and also for the worker and farmer. The German and French tourists who arrive in their new Volkswagens or Peugeots are generally workers or small shopkeepers; in Spain such persons generally don't even own a used bicycle. The new generation of Spaniards detests Franco because it knows that today men must migrate from Spain if they are to exercise their talents.

BETWEEN 1955 and 1961 events have moved quick and significantly; and today the situation is such that the Church definitely inclines more to the side of the Spanish people in their struggles with Franco and his falangist dictatorship. But it is still a varied picture with many colors. Among the colors are the leaders of *Opus Dei,* a Catholic lay institute founded in Spain in 1928; the lay Catholic Action worker brotherhood called H.O.A.C.; the Young Christian Worker movement of J.O.C.; and the dozens of Bishops, including the Cardinal Primate of Spain, who have denounced Franco's repressions, his imprisonment of leading Catholics, and his denial of human rights.

Opus Dei, a lay institute, is a semi-secret organization now spreading throughout the Western world. In Spain it has acquired a reputation for being thoroughly reactionary in its belief that after Franco an even more authoritarian regime is needed if "law and order" are to be maintained in the historically volatile land of Ferdinand and Isabella. *Opus Dei* became politically powerful in 1957 when Franco, shocked by the overt activities against his regime, reportedly demoted certain Jesuit advisers in favor of dedicated members of *Opus Dei.* Today *Opus Dei* is the virtual brains of the Franco Cabinet, for two of its men occupy key posts: Minister of Finance and Minister of Commerce. *Opus Dei* works under Franco but does not support him; indeed, as experts in Spain have emphasized, once it is clear Franco is through, *Opus Dei* intends to run whoever takes over.

The workers' organization H.O.A.C. has been in existence for several years. Because it is an official part of Catholic Action, H.O.A.C. is relatively safe from the police. It is not a trade union but an association of adult Catholic workers who are taught the social principles of the Church, Catholic Action, and the social encyclicals of the Roman Pontiffs from the time of Leo XIII. H.O.A.C. has nevertheless been hounded by the police and one of its top officials was summarily removed over a year ago and died quite suddenly thereafter although not at all old.

The J.O.C., in existence for seven years, is a vigorous organization of young boy and girl workers who have spread their ideas to every corner of Spain. Thousands of militants have been trained by J.O.C.; and if today they have 10,000 active militants, the "graduates" may well include 150,000 Spanish workers. J.O.C. has also had its days with the Franco police, and its lay leaders have been arrested, interrogated and fined (for daring to quote *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno).* Last September, when Franco's "trade unions" held elections of shop stewards and lower union officials, J.O.C. used the official regulations to prove that the falangist leaders had broken their own rules in order to have completely controlled "democratic elections." Cardinal Pla y Daniel, Protector of J.O.C. told the leaders of the "trade unions" in a widely publicized letter that if they maintained the attacks on J.O.C., "even in the presence of their bishops," then the possibility of a Church-State struggle in Spain loomed larger on the horizon.

Perhaps the most shocking example of the confrontation of the Franco regime and the clergy was seen a year ago during Franco's visit to Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, which historically considers itself worthy of political autonomy because of its long independent history and its own distinct language. The Catalan language cannot be used by the newspapers, on the radio, or in most books; it has been forbidden since 1939, when Franco assumed absolute power.

In May 1960, a worried General Franco came to Catalonia, with his Government, to woo the rebellious and fiery Catalans. His local Civil Governor arranged a concert performance which included the playing of the historic and legally forbidden Catalan "Hymn to the Flag," i.e., *their* flag. Before the concert was held, however, the Civil Governor had second thoughts and removed the Hymn from the program.

When the concert began, the house in Barcelona was packed with leading fascist officials from Madrid, ranking members of the Catholic clergy, and hundreds of leading Catholics, Catholic Actionists, and the like. When the program reached the point where the "Hymn to the Flag" should have been played, the Catalans rose to a man and sang the Hymn at the top of their voices. The secret police, who were scattered among the audience, set on the singers with blackjacks, pistol butts and the result was the concert became a frenzy of official thuggery. Dozens of young Catholic laymen were arrested and later beaten and tortured in prison. One of them, the heroic and young Dr. Jorge Pujol, who had concurrently denounced Franco in a small pamphlet, was horribly beaten during his days of questioning. Pujol, of an old and wealthy Catalan family, and a leader in Catholic Action, was brought to trial finally. But in the courtroom his friends could hardly recognize the victim of police "plastic surgery." He was condemned to seven years of solitary confinement.

The Abbot of Montserrat, the most venerated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catholic dignitary in all Spain (I am told), sent a bitter telegram to General Franco which summed up what hundreds of other priests thought. He said: "Profoundly regret repression and tortures inflicted on young Catholics arrested during Orfeo Catalan concert. Lamentable epilogue to your Government's stay in Catalonia."

Equally significant, after Dr. Pujol was sentenced, the parochial clergy and the many monsignori of the Archdiocese who crowded around Pujol said to the victim of fascist violence: "We thank you for your sacrifice." It might be noted that the Civil Governor who sparked the riot was quietly removed later by Franco. But Dr. Pujol, at only thirty-two years of age, today faces six more years of solitary confinement.

ONE MIGHT ask what this has to do with the foreign policy of the United States? The answer is simple. During the long years of the Eisenhower Administration, we vigorously associated the United States with the Franco regime. Portugal is in NATO; now we advocate admitting Franco Spain. Since 1955, as democratic Spain has stood up, and fought, and gone to prison, we have been telling the Spanish people that Franco is a grand chap doing a bang-up job. President Eisenhower even went to Madrid to hug him.

All that is bad enough. But now we face a new and dangerous factor, the successful penetration of Spain by daily Communist radio news and commentary broadcasts. First, let me note that the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe do not beam any pro-democratic programs to Franco Spain. Indeed, Radio Free Europe broadcasts "freedom messages" from a station in Spain to the Iron Curtain countries—right *across* Spain. When I queried leading Spaniards last year about these "freedom" radio stations, they laughed cynically.

But every day, twice a day, the Spanish listen by tens and hundreds of thousands to the un-jammed programs from Prague's Radio Independent Spain, Radio Moscow, Radio Yugoslavia and even Radio Peking. All come in Spanish and some also in Catalan. The letter of the three hundred Basque clergy deploring the denial of freedom in Spain was said to be a myth by the Franco radio; days later, Radio Independent Spain broadcast the entire text, with a sympathetic commentary! When I queried a leading Spanish exile, the President of the Basque Republic, he said almost with tears in his eyes: "My poor people—devoted and loyal Catholics! Even they must listen to the Communist radio to learn what goes on inside Spain." He added: "Does no one care?"

The Eisenhower regime's policy of identifying Franco with the United States, of associating the dictator with the cause of freedom, has given the Communists that prize of prizes, that contradiction which enables them to hammer home day by day that the Americans are backing Franco, and in backing Franco they are in fact the enemies of the Spanish people. Meanwhile Radio Independent Spain calls for full freedom and even generous financing of the Catholic Church when the Communists take over *(sic!)*, and poses as the real and only friend of democratic Spain. Although most Spaniards I talked with said that they were aware of the Communist propaganda larded in each broadcast—they also listened to it every morning and every night. "Where is your radio?" one asked me.

Well, where is it?

With the election of a new President the Christian Democrats and all other leftists except the Communists have put their hope in Mr. Kennedy and the United States. "If he fails us, if he does not disengage the United States from overt support of Franco, then we have only one way left: the way of Castro. We will take arms from the devil himself if it helps us to get rid of Franco." The man who told me that less than a year ago may well be the first Premier of a Spain without Franco!

This spring, the anti-Franco monarchists issued a Manifesto calling for the restoration of the monarchy and the return of the Pretender, Don Juan, to take over from Franco and institute a constitutional monarchy. All of the Christian Democrats and the non-Communist leftists have just published their Manifesto, calling for an end to the Franco dictatorship and the installation of a provisional government which, after restoration of civil liberties, would provide a secret ballot plebiscite in which the Spanish people could choose their form of democracy, i.e., a constitutional monarchy or a representative democratic Republic.

If Franco has "his" Bishops—and apparently one can still say such a thing—the fact remains that many of the members of the hierarchy, including the Cardinal Primate, Pla y Daniel, have indicated their disapproval of a regime which outrages Christian social principles, abuses the Church, and denies proper exercise of God-given natural rights. The Army remains passive—but this has been the year of the Manifesto (even the Falange got out a critical Manifesto).

The American reaction to the *Santa Maria* case has indicated to Franco that President Kennedy is changing the American policy. We must realize that while crumbling Laos and the danger of nuclear war over Berlin must receive top priority, our time is truly running out in Spain. If we dislike a Castro in Cuba, imagine one ruling a leftist Spain!

Franco could be unseated and democracy re-born in Spain this year. But if the change is too slow, if the encouragement from outside is delayed too long, the Communists may yet have time to use the legacy of American mistakes to stifle freedom forever in Spain. This must not be allowed to happen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popular myths about drug addiction only obscure the problem

Narcotics and the Law

by WILL SPARKS

IF LAW is an ordinance of reason directed to the common good, and if American lawmakers are rational men, this article will effect the immediate repeal of U. S. narcotics laws. Without great difficulty it can be shown that this country's narcotics laws produce little good but much harm, that they rest on false premises, that in form and in manner of their enforcement they are destructive of orderly legal process. Indeed, the only reason for not anticipating repeal is that the wisdom of it has been demonstrated many times, yet the narcotics laws remain. Why this should be so is itself an interesting aspect of the controversy.

Products of the Indian hemp plant have been used as an intoxicant by millions of people, from ancient India to Harlem, for five thousand years. Because they are subject to the New York Penal Law, however, residents of the latter community are sometimes sent to prison for fifteen years because someone finds them with two ounces of the hemp product they know as marihuana. Under provisions of the Marihuana Tax Act, passed in 1937 and now incorporated in the Internal Revenue Code, no one can import, manufacture, sell or buy marihuana in the United States without obtaining certain forms from the Treasury Department and paying the specified tax. Since the marihuana act, like other Federal Narcotics legislation, is in reality a law to regulate social behavior disguised as a revenue measure, the Secretary of the Treasury invariably refuses to provide the necessary forms. Traffic in marihuana is perforce illegal and a proper concern of the department's Bureau of Narcotics.

Behind such legislation lies the belief that use of this venerable intoxicant—which can be grown in any window flowerbox—is destructive to the character or personality of the user, that the drug is habit-forming, that it leads to crimes of violence, and in particular to crimes of a sexual nature. Assuming for a moment—and it will be a brief moment—that there is some truth in these allegations, there would still be great difficulty in explaining our marihuana legislation. For to whatever extent they might be true, each of the statements can also be applied to alcohol.

Mr. Sparks writes for magazines, television and films. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

Most of us know at least one individual whose personality has been affected by alcoholism, which is a form of drug addiction; we are aware that some people become aggressive to the point of violence under the influence of too much whiskey, and the aphrodisiac qualities of alcohol are part of our folklore. Such arguments were, in fact, vociferously advanced by the advocates of Prohibition. Yet the Volstead Act has been repealed and America today tolerates, despite the existence of four to five million alcoholics, some fifty or sixty million social drinkers. These latter are sufficiently familiar with their favorite intoxicant, and of sufficient number, to insist that government recognize alcohol abuse as a problem pertaining to certain users and not to the drug itself. Marihuana prohibition, however, remains with us; not because of what we know, apparently, but because of what we do not know.

THE AGENCY most concerned with the effects on human beings of the drug from which we are thus protected by a benevolent government is the U. S. Public Health Service. A film prepared by the Research Branch of the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, for circulation among medical groups shows several experienced marihuana smokers under the drug's influence and states as follows: "Marihuana smokers generally are mildly intoxicated, giggle, laugh, bother no one and have a good time. They do not stagger or fall, and ordinarily will not attempt to harm anyone. It has not been proved that smoking marihuana leads to crimes of a sexual nature. Smoking marihuana has no unpleasant after-effects, no dependence is developed on the drug, and the practice can easily be stopped at any time. In fact, it is probably easier to stop smoking marihuana cigarettes than tobacco cigarettes."

Almost two decades ago, in an effort to prevent use of marihuana from becoming a court martial offense in the military service, the editor of *The Military Surgeon,* Col. James M. Phalen, M.D., wrote an editorial to which he gave the title, "The Marihuana Bugaboo," and in which he offered the following conclusions: ". . . It is [my] considered opinion that the smoking of the leaves, flowers and seeds of *Cannabis*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sativa [the botanical name for marihuana] is no more harmful than the smoking of tobacco. . . . It is further considered that the legislation in relation to marihuana was ill-advised, that it branded as a menace and a crime a matter of trivial importance. . . . Finally, it is hoped that no witch hunt will be instituted in the military service over a problem that does not exist."

Dr. Phalen was ignored, as medical opinion on this subject is usually ignored, but the subsequent, continuing witch hunt has at least the advantage of furnishing a corps of imprisoned marihuana users upon whom to experiment. And the results of all studies to date have been negative. Thus, a former medical officer in charge of the Public Health Service's Lexington hospital can state: "Marihuana is not possessed of any mysterious power to force people to commit acts which they would not otherwise perform. Like alcohol, marihuana is an intoxicating drug which releases inhibitions. . . . By direct action neither alcohol nor marihuana produces criminal activity, and criminal acts may result only insofar as the inhibitions on the personality are removed. . . . We see this phenomenon regularly with the consumption of alcohol; normal people . . . even when thoroughly intoxicated, usually remain affable, though their behavior may be silly or even disgusting. The psychopath, however—and we all have one or more among our acquaintances—often tends toward belligerence with the first few drinks, and, with continued drinking, moves toward complete and uncontrolled violence; the dockets of police courts are crowded with these cases every morning and, of course, hundreds of others are kept out of court by good fortune or the handling of the drunk by friends, who excuse his fighting and brawling on the grounds that he has had too much to drink."

IN THE FACE of such findings and the utter absence of any to the contrary, our marihuana laws should be repealed or at least revised to conform to the various federal, state, and municipal ordinances regulating alcohol. The Government should cease imprisoning its citizens for trafficking in a drug which exhaustive research has shown harmless to its user and unproductive of any conduct on his part harmful to society. The marihuana statutes are not reasonable, are not directed to the common good, and neither produce nor preserve happiness for the society. They are unjust.

So also are the diverse statutes regulating opiates—e.g., opium, morphine, heroin—and these are, furthermore, productive of far more serious and pernicious effects upon the people in whose interest they were misguidedly enacted. Although hard to credit by those encountering them for the first time, the indisputable facts about the opiates are these: used long enough, or with regularity, opiate drugs create a situation in the body which causes the user to get sick when the drug is withdrawn; the illness, or withdrawal syndrome, is, however, self-limiting and leaves no after-effects; moreover, there are no serious toxic effects of any kind associated with the use of opiates, including heroin, and one may employ them for a lifetime without physical injury. Dr. Alfred R. Lindesmith of Indiana University has written: "It is impossible to interpret the effects of a drug habit upon a person's social life or his character in terms of organic deterioration or alleged 'toxic effects' . . . there are no demonstrable major effects that necessarily follow the use of opiate drugs—addicts escape most of the alleged degenerative results of the drug if they are sufficiently well-to-do, and many addicts suffer serious 'character deterioration' only after the narcotic agents catch up with them. In other countries about which we have excellent information . . . addicts do not suffer the evil effects that are forced upon American users. They do not steal, lie, engage in prostitution, or become derelicts to the extent that our addicts do."

It seems quite clear that American opiate addicts steal or engage in prostitution not from the effects of the drug but from the effects of laws, laws which transform a cheap and common chemical into a priceless commodity able to support a vast criminal drug traffic. Having created the economic basis for this traffic with passage of the Harrison Narcotics Act in 1914, our lawmakers have for forty-seven long years been unable to eradicate it. In the meanwhile, unnecessary human misery, the civic corruption which accompanies opiate prohibition no less than alcohol prohibition, remain the hallmarks of U. S. drug control policies. There is no excuse for this.

The problem of heroin, morphine, and other opium derivatives is inherently more complicated, for where marihuana is less habit-forming than tobacco, the opiates are very definitely addicting drugs. In soberly considering the question of addiction, however, we must endeavor to suppress certain emotional irrelevancies—not least of which is an inward fear of temptation. Many of us are disturbed by the thought of chemically sustained happiness, or euphoria, whether from tranquilizers, the *soma* of *Brave New World*, or heroin. This is a legitimate and real concern and one which deserves discussion. But it must not be allowed to muddy our thinking about the justice of U. S. narcotics legislation. These narcotics laws are not predicated on a reasoned objection to hedonism or some new-fangled chemical eudaemonism: they are based on the supposition that drugs like heroin are so harmful that we are compelled to treat them as a class apart, spend millions vainly attempting to enforce prohibition, and turn a deaf ear to the importunities of addicts whom we thus consign to the underworld. When this supposition is shown to be unfounded—and such is the overwhelming import of forty years of research—and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when the laws based upon it themselves produce undeniable and widespread evil, then such legislation should in all logic be abandoned.

AT THIS POINT apologists for the present American system, perhaps because of our Puritan heritage, often fall back on the remarkable argument that opiate users, while admittedly unimpaired in their capacity for work, are liable to lose their motivation to work and become lazy. This would be a poor enough excuse for our actions if it were true, but it is not true. Dr. Lawrence Kolb, another Health Service officer formerly in charge of the Lexington Hospital, studied many cases of long-term addiction to determine the effects of opiates on addicts' work records. None, he found, had their efficiency reduced by opium. "Twenty-two of them worked regularly while taking opium for twenty-five years or more; one of them, a woman aged eighty-one and still alert mentally, had taken three grains of morphine daily for sixty-five years. She gave birth to and raised six children, and managed her household affairs with more than average efficiency. A widow, aged sixty-six, had taken seventeen grains of morphine daily for most of thirty-seven years. She is alert mentally but is bent with age and rheumatism. However, she does physical labor every day and makes her own living."

It may be suggested that the fact of a drug's being *addicting* is in itself sufficient justification for prohibition. The difficulty is that it is impossible to write a definition of "addicting" which does not include alcohol. To use the words of Dr. Harris Isbell of the U. S. Public Health Service, "statistically, alcohol is the most important of all addicting depressant drugs." Contrasting the effects of alcohol and opiate addiction, Dr. Roy P. Finney has written: "Alcohol is by long odds the worst habit-forming drug known to man. Not only is chronic alcoholism many times more common than morphinism, but in point of view of viciousness Bacchus excells Morpheus in many important respects. . . . Morphine does not intoxicate; hence as a driver of a motor vehicle, for example, the morphine addict is quite safe, while the alcoholic is a menace to society. The libidinous, insulting stare, the fermentative halitosis, the disheveled inebriate lying comatose in his own vomit—such things have no counterpart in morphinism."

It was Dr. J. D. Reichard who observed that the alcoholic gets high, comes home and beats his wife; while the morphine or heroin addict gets high, comes home—and his wife beats him.

It would be pointless to proliferate such cases and examples. The unpersuaded may easily examine the professional literature, where he will find a vast quantity of experiments and studies all tending to the same conclusion: there is nothing about the effects of opiate drugs on their users which can even remotely justify the stringent laws, spectacular police drives, vigorous prosecution and repeated imprisonment of the addicts which in the words of August Vollmer, "have proved not only useless and enormously expensive as means of correcting this evil, but—also unjustifiably and unbelievably cruel in their application to the unfortunate drug victims."

U. S. narcotics legislation, beginning with the Harrison Act of 1914, is a product of the same mentality which produced the unfortunate and unlamented Volstead Act of five years later. Every argument against the latter law applies equally to the former; our failure to so apply them results from the relative unpopularity of opiate drugs in our society and our consequent ignorance regarding them, as well as from a profound revulsion of the same ethnic origin as that which causes an hashish-using Arab to abhor the whiskey dens of the decadent West. America survived repeal of the Volstead Act and would survive repeal of the Harrison Law.

Federal narcotic legislation, and the local legislation inspired by it, is unreasonable in the light of informed opinion concerning narcotics addiction. It is productive of much social evil and personal unhappiness. Incorporated in the Internal Revenue Code ostensibly as a revenue measure, it exercises a control over the use of opiates which in the case of alcohol was permitted only by Constitutional amendment—and which the people ultimately rejected as unwise.

For all these reasons, control of narcotics should be transferred to the Food and Drug administration, which should see to it rigorously that narcotics are dispensed only by or on the prescription of a physician, as prescribed by the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics should be reduced to a role comparable to that of the Treasury's Alcohol Tax Unit and the Government henceforth refrain from repressive measures calculated to prohibit—or rather to drive into the control of criminals—the seemingly inevitable use of such mood-changing drugs as alcohol, marihuana, and heroin. It should do so because its present conduct is irrational, ineffective, socially harmful, and—to repeat—unjust.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

SEE MY SHINING PALACE ON THE SAND

IT SEEMS RATHER late in the summer to be listing movies of special interest to the younger generation, but there are still a lot of non-school hours in the offing; and there are always rainy Saturdays. Furthermore, some of these films may even entice oldsters who would just as soon escape from weighty matters for the nonce.

Misty is an utterly delightful movie about a twelve-year-old (David Ladd) and his sister (Pam Smith) who live with their grandparents (Arthur O'Connell, Anne Seymour) and are determined to have a horse of their own. The kids' relationships with each other, their grandparents, the animals and their Virginia neighbors, and how they earn enough money to get their hearts' desire are all nicely portrayed. What is more, since this unassuming and thoughtful story stems from Marguerite Henry's charming "Misty of Chincoteague," the film makers wisely went to the island of Chincoteague, and their color photography of the locale, its people and its wild horses adds authenticity to the whole pleasant affair.

The Sand Castle, an exercise in poetic realism, is one of those off-beat pictures of which too few are made in the United States. Although almost plotless, it has many characters who wander on and off the beach scene where a mother leaves her little boy with his sister while she shops. Rejected by the other kids, the boy builds a sand castle as the swimmers and sun bathers gather round to admire and advise the young architect. When a group of nuns arrive to play ball, the crowd deserts him to cheer on the game; and when the rain starts the crowd gathers belongings and scurries off the beach, leaving the little boy to dream. In his dream, the boy inhabits his castle with the many characters who established themselves when they surrounded him on the beach. Produced, directed and written by Jerome Hill, the picture is more successful in the handsomely-photographed, black-and-white first half showing people at play than in the dream sequence which is done in color and peopled not with actors but with cardboard cutouts. Young fry may be fascinated by this technique, while their elders are more likely to be won by the astute camera work catching real people in action. In any case, *The Sand Castle* is an interesting experiment.

Since I find it rather difficult to keep the Tammies and Gidgets straight (a difficulty compounded somewhat by the changes in casts from the Debbies, Deborahs and Sandras who played in the orignial films and who do or do not turn up in the sequels), I will not dwell at length on these two new pictures. Teenagers, particularly girls, will no doubt remember better than I who played in the last versions. On our screens now are two sequels: *Gidget Goes Hawaiian,* a rather silly item in which Deborah Walley, on a vacation with her parents (Carl Reiner, Jeff Donnell) finds herself courted by James Darren, Michael Callan and various other suitors, and foolishly thinks her parents are romantically involved with another set of parents (Eddie Foy, Jr., Peggy Cass); and *Tammy Tell Me True,* in which Sandra Dee plays the riverboat girl who decides to go to college, and when she's not too busy making like Pollyanna for Beulah Bondi, Virginia Grey, Charles Drake and others who need straightening out, she falls in love with public-speaking teacher John Gavin. The *Gidget* picture is the more contrived of the two, and the *Tammy* item the more wholesome and sentimental; but the Junior Misses who attend will probably have their own preferences.

More sophisticated teenagers, and perhaps even their world-weary elders, will likely go for a hare-brained comedy about three Navy men who cook up a wild scheme to beat the roulette wheel at a Venice casino by using the electronic computer on their ship. *The Honeymoon Machine* (which stems from a mediocre stage play called "The Golden Fleecing") isn't strong on plot but it has some amusing dialogue put over by a group of young people who seem to be having the time of their lives. Although the jokes and situations are somewhat repetitious, director Richard Thorpe keeps things humming; and he is helped considerably by the sprightly cast: Steve McQueen, Jim Hutton and Jack Mullaney as the boys determined to get-rich-quick, with Paula Prentiss and Brigid Bazlen as the girls who hinder and help them.

David and Goliath, an Italian film with dubbed-in English, should appeal to young fry who like Biblical spectacles. This one, although taking some liberties with the Bible stories, wisely sticks to the youthful David and does pretty well without a pretentious plot and the usual dancing girls (except those employed by the King of Philistines to interest the mighty Goliath). Outstanding in the large cast is Orson Welles as Saul, the aging king in his decline, who has turned from the Lord and knows the young shepherd will supplant him. As David, Ivo Payer doesn't exactly suggest the gifted son of Jesse, but he's handsome and muscular and right handy with the slingshot when it comes to polishing off Goliath. Kids who like their muscular heroes in more fanciful stories and settings may prefer another Italian film, *The Thief of Bagdad.* Although Steve Reeves is no Douglas Fairbanks, he gives one of his better exhibitions in this fairy tale, and some of the trick effects while he searches for the blue rose that will cure the Sultan's daughter (Georgia Moll) are quite handsome and imaginative. Also on the imaginative side is *Alakazam the Great,*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a full-length cartoon film made in Japan. It tells the story of a cute, timid monkey who becomes irritable and petulant when he's made king of beasts, and worse yet, arrogant and self-centered when Merlin teaches him magic. Made to go on a pilgrimage with Prince Amat, Alakazam has a series of wild adventures that teach him to be humble and use his power wisely. The modern Japanese drawings, although not likely to put Disney out of business, are full of fun and fancy; and the English dialogue that accompanies them, well handled by Frankie Avalon, Dodie Stevens, Jonathan Winters, Arnold Stang and Sterling Holloway, has effective point and humor.

Once having discovered Jules Verne, the movie makers seem determined to put all his stories on the screen. Using two of his novels, the film *Master of the World* is one of the better efforts; and its story about Robur (Vincent Price), the crackpot who's warring on war and has given every major nation an ultimatum to disarm or be destroyed, is a natural for cinema. Robur kidnaps a munitions-maker (Henry Hull), a man from the Department of the Interior (Charles Bronson) and two young people on his gigantic flying ship, and takes them with him on one of his missions to destroy armaments. The film has a handsome production and some good trick photography that will keep youngsters and oldsters on the edge of their chairs. The movie that may have been designed to end all Verne films is *The Fabulous World of Jules Verne,* an import from Czechoslovakia with dubbed English. Directed and written by Carl Zeman, who uses bits and pieces from the Verne repertoire and kids the whole business, the film is so good that it can be accepted on either level, depending on the audience, as a satire or as a straight adventure movie. It tells the story of a science professor who has perfected a powerful explosive and his handsome young assistant and a pretty girl, all of whom are kidnapped by pirates who hope to use the professor and his inventions to further their evil ends. What happens before the professor blows up his explosive and the pirates' hideaway island in the Atlantic is both exciting and amusing. And what makes the film even better is its amazing photography and technique that combine live actors, cartoons and lithography that blends into the live action.

Imitations of the Jules Verne type of movie have been many, and most of them are pretty bad. Particularly disappointing is *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* because, with its good cast, it gave promise of being like the highly successful *Journey to the Center of the Earth.* It has some good technical tricks, but it also has a modern and silly story about an American submarine commander (Walter Pidgeon) who defies U.N. scientists in his method for getting rid of a ring of fire that encircles the earth. Equally disappointing, because it was produced and directed by George Pal who has made some excellent science-fiction movies, is *Atlantis, the Lost Continent.* The story of this island and its civilization that disappeared into the sea has possibilities, but Pal used a script loaded with so many lurid and implausible details that even youngsters will realize the whole thing is a hoax.

Not all films based on legends (or revamped legends) and designed for youthful audiences are suitable for children. The Italians particularly go haywire in this kind of costume piece; and two examples recently imported are typical. *The Minotaur* stars athlete Bob Mathias as Theseus, the hero who braves the labyrinth and kills the monstrous bull-man. And *The Warrior Empress* stars Kerwin Mathews and Tina Louise in a confused tale about a rebel leader who takes refuge in the Temple of Aphrodite and falls in love with Sappho. The American stars are surrounded by Italians in various stages of undress and are stuck with stories that emphasize brutality and dancing girls as much as fanciful legend. As a matter of fact, if these film makers were to follow some of the authentic details of these legends, they could come up with even more sensational films. But perhaps the whole idea better be left alone. And it is to be hoped that the kids will leave these shady imports alone. There are plenty of good films listed above for them to choose from.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

AT THE ALBEE

THAT PEREMPTORY translation into a species of zoological curiosity which attends the possibility of every new talent—an affliction I can imagine as only less unnerving than that of total indifference—Mr. Edward Albee has so far contrived to parry with a shrewdly innocuous guile. To each harassing invasion, each solicitation of his most mundane sentiments, he has responded with the same deadpan banality he employs so tellingly in the theater. What there is of wisdom in this, as well as self-preservation, who can say?—but rather a lot, I hope, for Mr. Albee's mordant quartet of episodes ("The Zoo Story," "The Sandbox" and "The Death of Bessie Smith" are published in one volume; the latter is running jointly with "The American Dream" at the Cherry Lane Theater) constitute less an involving body of drama, or even an announcement of talent, than they do the fact of an arresting personality. I have meditated considerably on their allure, their public fascination and notoriety, yet when put to the task of examining their substance, I am dismayed to find how little—beyond

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pieties of convention and tributes to their virtuosity—suggests itself to me.

Mr. Albee excels in the vignette of obscurely Gothic animation, dramatized in a vacuum of malicious social observation and despair. Everywhere, his commitment to the thematic conventions and formal innovations of the "new drama"—French rather than English—is as manifest as it is legitimate. With Ionesco, with Beckett, his taste is for the *situation* over character and plot, for a theater which "progresses . . . through an increasingly intense and revealing series of emotional states." Like them, he is afflicted by monomania, with yet this singular disparity: Mr. Albee's plays, when they do not ignite in violence, tend to be self-perpetuating: they want the abstinent discretion of his masters: I thought "The American Dream" would never release me again into even the illusory approximation of reality. And finally, like every dramatist of his persuasion, Mr. Albee is superb in rhetoric. The monologue of the "unconnected" solipsist Jerry in "The Zoo Story" whips its fantasy and pathos, its grotesquerie and malicious actuality to a pitch of demonic seduction. The claustrophobic rhythms of "The Death of Bessie Smith" are instinct with a kind of venomous exhilaration. Mr. Albee's achieved audacity here is not to be burked, and will find its most articulate champions in those most sensitive to the permanent hazard of forging a contemporary speech of the theater.

What is troubling in his work is less its thematic nihilism and nausea—quite legitimate, if limiting, assumptions for any artist—than the sense one divines of some obscure private animus honing the edge of its tragic satire. Unlike Beckett and Ionesco, Mr. Albee does not allow this, and himself, to drown in the general *Sturm und Drang* of existential anguish; to both, rather, and with that certain complacency of the morally percipient, he subtly draws the tribute of our attention. Yet when one discerns the involuntary pattern of these plays—the blind trajectory of their ultimate lust for dissolution, dismemberment, annihilation of the self *and* the other—it is difficult not to see, as does Mr. Alfred Kazin in the work of Mr. J. D. Salinger, a violation not only of the "sympathetic bond" of love Mr. Albee would give negative testament to, but of the deepest possibilities of art itself.

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"SURVIVING THE BOMB"

Silver Spring, Md.

TO THE EDITORS: I was interested to see that Mr. David Riesman had commented [June 30] on my article on civil preparedness, for I have had the greatest respect for some of his writings, especially the penetrating essays in *Individualism Reconsidered*. And now I am in his debt for bringing up the question of Civil Defense as a provocative, offensive gesture, a point I had neglected to treat. I am afraid that I had simply dismissed that view as an unrealistic one, but for the sake of accuracy I should at least have mentioned it.

However, I must confess that I do not consider Mr. Riesman's view a valid reason for *not* having an adequate shelter program: when he says that "Civil Defense is not defensive but also a provocation which can *only* lead to the building of still bigger weapons . . ." (my italics), I feel he has made a rather unfortunate categorical assertion. To suggest an absolute, exclusive causal relationship between our shelters and bigger bombs is, in itself, slightly hazardous; but, more important, the statement is built on the assumption that the Russians will *not* develop nuclear weapons to the fullest if only we refrain from building shelters! I sincerely wish we could count on it! In reality, it appears that the question of shelters serving as provocation is at this time something less than academic: Russia itself already has an elaborate civil defense program, and Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland—and even West Germany—are all seriously pursuing extensive shelter programs. In fact, if the United States does not develop both public and private programs of some scope soon, we may be distinguished among the nations of the world by nothing so much as our vulnerability.

And when Mr. Riesman accuses me of not having "envisaged what our society and its freedoms would look like the day after even a 'moderate' nuclear attack—the utter chaos, the moral desolation, the death of hope," I must confess that I cannot pose as an authority, but such books as Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War*, the Defense Department's *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons*, and the extensive findings of the U.S. Congress Special Subcommittee on Radiation—as well as fictional treatments like Philip Wylie's *Tomorrow*—have provided me with some concrete details and some horrible images of a possible "day after." No one wants such "utter chaos." It is my contention that adequate shelter may help us avoid it, but if such a terror ever comes—by accident or by design—the very "moral desolation" and the "death of hope" that Mr. Riesman envisages may, to some degree, be allayed if most of the population have shelters and know how to use them. Actually, life in a shelter—or in a post-attack world—can, at best, be only very imperfectly envisaged by any of us, but in making comparisons between our world and a post-attack one, we must be extremely careful that we do not make the unrealistic assumption that we will always have the power of choice.

VINCENT WILSON, JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Search for Ibsen

by RICHARD GILMAN

AFTER ATTENDING a performance of Ibsen's "Wild Duck" Rainer Maria Rilke wrote in a letter that he had come to know "a new poet to whom we shall go by path after path." Ibsen, he went on, was a "man misunderstood in the midst of fame. An entirely different person from what one hears."

Just so. Things haven't changed much. Rilke's Ibsen is very like our own: the unexpected arrivals at his door when we had imagined all the approaches to have been blocked off; the misconceptions coupled with the classic status; the discrepancy between the popular image and rumor and the actual man and art; perhaps most relevant of all the truth, which Rilke was one of the first to perceive, that in Ibsen we have to do with a poet, not a philosopher or controversialist.

One can almost use Ibsen as an infallible test of critical acumen. When our leading daily reviewer, Walter Kerr, attaches Ibsen firmly to the "drama of ideas" and then defines that as a "drama in which people are digits, adding up to the correct ideological sum," one can taste the sourness of understanding gone wrong, or never having gone anywhere. When Mary McCarthy, a most gifted lady, writes of Ibsen that his work is "repetitive and inchoate," that his plays "grow more grandiose as the symbolic content inflates them," and that "his career appears as a series of false starts and reverses in an interior conversation that keeps lapsing into reverie," one possesses a compendium of all that it is possible for insensitivity, arrogance—and I am tempted to add, malice—to accomplish—the quintessence of mis-Ibsenism.

There is something profoundly ironic in our professions of weariness with Ibsen, when one considers that at the rate his dramas are produced here it will take approximately until the year 2023 for us to see the dozen "social plays" once each, with only a prayer that "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" might come along as widely spaced *lagniappe*. But we *are* tired of Ibsen, everybody says so; nobody seems to have anything else to say except Eric Bentley and Francis Fergusson, who are still unaccountably bothering to work at the Norwegian and who send up from time to time eccentric findings pertaining to his greatness.

I must confess to feeling about Ibsen like a lover whose beloved draws mostly unappreciative stares. I can't imagine why everyone doesn't see what I do, and I conclude that they are simply not looking at the same person. That is to say, I think the weariness is really with an Ibsen who never was, the Ibsen shackled to Victorian furniture and Victorian gestures, to the well-made play, to an outworn posture of muck-raking, to theses and to William Archer's English-language versions. With such an Ibsen we can indeed be bored to insensibility.

THAT THERE is another Ibsen can be discovered in more direct ways than by reading Bentley and Fergusson. New York has a current "Hedda Gabler" which is splendid in every way but one—its leading lady, whose style and vividness unfortunately can't compensate for a rather serious mis-reading of the part and a consequent near-throwing of the entire play out of whack: Hedda is not a femme fatale or a study in neurotic behavior as much as she is a locus for energy turned in upon itself, an arena for the struggle of being with non-being; in other words, the part calls for an actress with more intelligence than is common. Yet the other performances in the Fourth Street production and the English they speak (I believe the Michael Meyer translation is being used) go a long way towards overcoming some of the impediments to our grasp of the nature of Ibsen's art.

We have actually had quite a few good new translations of Ibsen lately (I trust this doesn't undermine my thesis about the prevailing lack of interest) of which the best I've seen are those by Meyer and by another Englishman, James Walter McFarlane. Oxford is putting his out, in handsome volumes which contain enough besides the texts themselves to make any Ibsenite rosy with gratitude: introductions, commentaries, early drafts of the plays, a compilation of Ibsen's pronouncements about them, material on their contemporary reception, a list of Ibsen productions in English and a thorough bibliography.

But the translation is of course what counts, and in the second volume of the series, which has just been issued, we can see just how far from Archer we have come. The book contains "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," the first three social plays chronologically and, the latter two at any rate, without

Mr. Gilman writes frequently on literary and cultural matters for this and other magazines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubt Ibsen's best-known works, as well as the dramas chiefly responsible for the Ibsen-image in all its obstinate wrongness and inadequacy.

Here is a scene from Act I of *Ghosts* in Archer's translations:

Mrs. Alving: Can't I really persuade you to stay the night here this time?

Manders: No, no; many thanks all the same; I will put up there as usual. It is so handy for getting on board the boat again.

Mrs. Alving: Of course you shall do as you please. But it seems to me quite another thing, now we are two old people—

Manders: Ha! Ha! You will have your joke! And it's natural you should be in high spirits today—first of all there is the great event tomorrow, and also you have got Oswald home.

Mrs. Alving: Yes, am I not a lucky woman! It is more than two years since he was home last, and he has promised to stay the whole winter with me.

Manders: Has he, really? That is very nice and filial of him; because there must be many more attractions in his life in Rome or in Paris, I should think.

Mrs. Alving: Yes, but he has his mother here, you see. Bless the dear boy, he has got a corner in his heart for his mother still.

Manders: Oh, it would be very sad if absence and preoccupation with such a thing as Art were to do dull the natural affections.

And in McFarlane's version:

Mrs. Alving: Can't you be persuaded even yet to stay the night in my house?

Manders: No, no, Mrs. Alving, thanks all the same. I'll stay down there again as usual. It's so handy for catching the boat.

Mrs. Alving: Well, have it your own way. All the same, I really do think a couple of old things like us—

Manders: Dear me, you will have your little joke, won't you? Well, of course you must be feeling extremely pleased with yourself today. First the celebrations tomorrow, and then having Oswald home.

Mrs. Alving: Yes, just fancy! Isn't it marvelous! It's more than two years since he was last home. Now he's promised to stay with me the whole winter.

Manders: Has he now? There's a nice dutiful son for you. Because I imagine the attractions of living in Rome or Paris are altogether different.

Mrs. Alving: Yes, but you see here at home he has his mother. Ah, my dear darling boy . . . he still has a soft spot for his mother.

Manders: I must say it would be a sad thing if leaving home and taking up Art and all that interfered with his natural feelings.

I HAVE deliberately chosen an extremely low-keyed section for my comparison, because something more "drastic" might obscure the point I wish to make. Surely the difference between the two passages, beyond McFarlane's redemption of Ibsen from "filial" and "natural affections" and that awful corner in the heart, is that in the one case we have a living conversation and in the other we simply haven't. And the prime benefit of that, the increment earned every time Ibsen is put into an English (or a French or German or any language) that someone somewhere might speak, is not so much a greater realism as a greater poetry.

For his poetry is not a matter of "poetic" language—the absence of that is precisely what the anti-realists keep lamenting—but of a total dramatic vision; it rests in the intricate, endlessly subtle and astonishingly concentrated relationships of his characters, in the rhythms flowing beneath their actions, in the cross-weaving and cross-hatching of their effects upon each other—all of which closely resemble the relationship of words in a poem. And these structures of interconnection in Ibsen's dramas, these swiftly unfolding patterns of crucial human experience, are maintained under an esthetic pressure of such intensity and delicacy that the slightest injury to the sense of life they communicate can send the whole thing into collapse, like a performer tumbling from a high-wire.

As with the question of Ibsen's poetry, so with his dramatic structures. What has worked against him lately is our habit of blaming him for the very well-madeness of his plays, as though he were only a super-Scribe from whom all the limitations of recent prosaic and gimmicky theater flow. Short of taking up the matter full scale, I only want to say that one of the major elements in the extraordinary tension and rich ambiguity we feel in Ibsen's mature plays stems from the conflict between his poetic vision and the narrow theater of realism which was the only one open to him. He took a system of dramaturgy which in lesser hands was, as Bentley says, "a toy . . . an end in itself," and made it yield him, sometimes grudgingly it's true, qualities much beyond itself.

The truth, as has been observed, is that Ibsen's theatrical artifices, his letters in mailboxes, burning orphanages, shots in the attic and sprung secrets, are designed to disguise and at the same time make possible a deeper artifice—that of his dramas' "life." They are the lies that lead to truth, the ruses by which the audience is made to enter and remain within a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world it would otherwise execrate, because it does that to everything that might change it. In understanding Ibsen a rule-of-thumb to follow is that the mechanics of the plot always set free a denser meaning and imaginative substance than they literally contain, just as the "ideas" with which most of his plays are presumed to deal are never the deepest concepts which govern them.

HOW IBSEN has suffered from our everlasting nonsense about the drama of ideas! When are we going to see that "A Doll's House" is not so much a play with a thesis about women's rights as one with a perception about human rights and the despotism of most relationships—Bentley has said that the play would remain valid if Torvald were the wife and Nora the husband—and that "Ghosts" does not deal at its deepest level with the notion of the evil effects of heredity but with the tragedy of the spirit enmeshed in fact? We are probably not going to see it until we see again that "Antigone," for example, concerns the idea of man's obligation to his humanity and that the political conflict in the play only serves that theme as occasion and springboard.

That is to say, all significant drama functions on two major levels, a perennial truth which we perennially forget. I am of course schematizing dreadfully, but let me describe these as thesis-occasion-plot and idea-vision-action. A play's thesis is not the same as its controlling idea; its occasion or specificities are not coterminous with its vision; its plot is not identical with its action, these movements of the spirit and psyche that go on in it. As Fergusson has written about "Ghosts," "Mrs. Alving is tragically seeking; she suffers a series of pathoses and new insights in the course of the play; and this rhythm of will, feeling and insight underneath the machinery of the plot is the form of the life of the play, the soul of the tragedy."

If we feel that compared to most of the later work "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" and especially "Pillars of Society" are flawed, it isn't because they are more purely "thesis" plays but because in them idea and imagination, vision and dramatic means are as yet imperfectly fused, and because the sacrifices made to the exigencies of the realistic stage are greater here. "Pillars

of Society," the play with which Ibsen broke with the past, suffers particularly from its obtrusive apparatus and even more from its avoidance of tragedy or that state of suspended judgment and ambiguous possibility that so often in Ibsen, as in Chekhov, constitutes the threshold of tragedy.

But "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" stumble too. The former takes too long getting to the point where it will leave the well-made play behind—that is, where Nora's intrigue gives way to her discovery of Torvald's real nature and the drama becomes a moral quest. "Ghosts" cannot find a conclusion of the same depth and clarity as its preceding parts; Mrs. Alving's horrified cry offers us only the sound of tragedy, not its crystallization or summarizing image. But from one play to the next we can see Ibsen's mastery growing, as his ideas find their fitting analogues in actions and his devices become more and more instruments of revelation. Thematically, too, the plays are a progress, documenting, as McFarlane says, "a process of emancipation by ordeal," growing always more severe and uncompromising. " 'Ghosts' had to be written," Ibsen himself declared. "I couldn't remain standing at 'A Doll's House'; after Nora Mrs. Alving . . . had to come."

AND EVERYTHING else had to come after that. "In every new play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification," Ibsen wrote, and after "Ghosts" or once "An Enemy of the People" —his answer to the critics of "Ghosts"—was out of the way, each new play, coming at that relentless pace of one every two years, marks a deepening of this journey into the self and this search for spiritual wholeness that are at least as far-reaching and courageous as anything in our literature. At the end, with the so-called symbolic plays, Ibsen reaches the uttermost limits of art, where it questions its own *raison d'être* and thereby questions life most radically. In the severity and nobility of its undertaking, "When We Dead Awaken" is comparable among recent works of this kind only, I think, to Mann's *Dr. Faustus*.

And there, stretching back from that last anguished statement to the first heroic step that replenished our resources, it all lies. Northern, cramped, hard, swift, perverse, unsparing, poised on knife-edges, in subject-matter often "massively common and middle-class," as Henry James said, but as he also said "never trivial and never cheap . . . the perfect practice of a difficult and delicate art." The theater has rightly flowed past Ibsen in half a dozen directions but he has not been superseded, any more than Shakespeare and Sophocles have. For he gave us, in Shaw's words, "not only ourselves, but ourselves in our own situations." Have we really exhausted the substance and implications of that gift? Have we ever really accepted it?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mann's Obession with the Circle of Duality

THE STORY OF A NOVEL: THE GENESIS OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS. By Thomas Mann. Trans. by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf $4.

By DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

IN 1947, after five years of steady effort, Thomas Mann published *Doctor Faustus,* a novel which many consider not only the writer's finest work but also one of the great books of the twentieth century. Such keen interest was aroused in the background material that the author decided to write a book on the book itself, attempting a psychologic study of his own thought processes. Though published in 1949, the study has only now been translated into English.

The extraordinary interest of the original *Doctor Faustus* was due to its interpretation of the Faustian legend for modern man. The principal character in the novel was Adrian Leverkühn, a sterile composer. On the simple story-telling level, he sells his soul to the devil in a pact whereby he is given the power to compose brilli nt music. In a vicious twist of Goethe's theme dealing with the same legend, Mann's hero uses his discontent for wholly destructive reasons: he not only destroys himself (as is implied in the pact) but destroys the possibility of beautiful music, indeed of the very concept of beauty itself. On another level Adrian Leverkühn is the disguised personage of Nietzsche; on still another Goethe's Germany become Hitler's Germany. Most of all, he is a horrible devouring figure—most horrible because he brings forth a mingled emotion of sympathy and awe at the same time—of bourgeois or middle-class society driving to its own destruction.

The leitmotifs threading *Doctor Faustus* were common to many previous Mann books and short stories. In a sense, the novel is thus a spiritual autobiography, but it is also biographical for o r age. For this reason the author felt he was doing a service by recalling the thoughts which led to its genesis, that mixture of personal alienation, rejection of bourgeois values, fascination with the miasma of subjective art—and attraction to the demonic undertones that piped the song of Germany's death! The theme of *Doctor Faustus* rose in Mann's mind as the first intimations of Hitler's defeat were apparent (1942); the pact of Adrian Leverkühn with the devil was written as the Nazis defiantly rejected any unconditional surrender to spare the German people (1944); and Adrian composed his discordant and atonal masterpiece, an oratorio based on the apocalyptic woodcuts of Dürer, and then retreated into insanity, when the tension between the conquering Western Allies and Russia indicated the seed nest of World War III had already been sown (1946). The paradigm of myth to reality is obvious.

For Thomas Mann, the usual concept of good fighting evil was naive and simply *untrue.* The very idea of the Faustian theme rose out of contemplation of grace, as though the devil were the subterranean spirit of redemption, indeed the catalytic agent alone leading one to the possibility of grace. Thus Hitler and Goethe are inverse sides of the same coin or, to use the words of Mann when referring to Adrian Leverkühn's music, "satanically religious, diabolically pious, seeming at one and the same time strictly bound by form." Following Nietzsche, it would appear that Thomas Mann was neither Christian nor anti-Christian, but Zarathustrian: good and evil were dual manifestations of the same Divine expression.

The way Mann embarked on *Doctor Faustus* reveals how strongly this belief permeated his thinking. In 1942, after almost a decade of work on the *Joseph* tetralogy—the epoch of grace—he found himself drawn again to the writings of Nietzsche and certain studies of modern music. "Music, then, and Nietzsche. I would not be able to explain why my thoughts and interests were turning in this particular direction at that time."

The moment seemed to pass. As a sort of postlude to the *Joseph* books, Mann immediately wrote a short novel, *The Tables of the Law,* referring not only to the Decalogue but to moral law in general. "The curse at the end, against the present-day wretches to whom power was given to profane his [Moses'] work, The Tables of the Law, came from my heart. . . ."

Yet the very morning after completing the story, Mann packed away all the material and papers concerned with the *Joseph* series. "And only one day later . . . my evening notes contained the curt jotting: 'Dr. Faust.' This is its first mention." The mind of the author had moved in its profound workings from the message of grace to its dialectical twin, demonic intoxication.

This obsession with the dual nature of good and evil, of grace and hell, is revealed again much later in the book. For reasons known only to his subconscious, Thomas Mann reached the end of *Doctor Faustus* and picked up the *Gesta Romanorum.* He found "the loveliest and most surprising of the stories is that concerning the birth of the sainted Pope Gregory."

The circle of duality had returned and the artist was exploring a new work, subsequently to be published as *The Holy Sinner.* As *The Tables of the Law* grew out of the *Joseph* tetralogy, and *Doctor Faustus* from the vision of the counterpoint between grace and dementia, so the strange tale of Pope Gregory rises from the Faustian legend: for good and evil, sentence and absolution, sin and repentance are to Mann all facets and levels of forever changing and changeless being. To recognize this in him is to understand his ambiguous attitude toward Stalin's manipulation of East Germany.

The art of Thomas Mann is like a hand-printed medieval manuscript, where each block letter is laden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both with striking surface color and hidden symbolic meaning. To touch the decay and splendor of the nineteenth century and see how its fake message collapsed in World War I; to feel with passion the limits and illimitable striving of art; to witness the writhing of the secularized Protestant spirit before the implacable Either Or of moral j dgment; and to find in myth the most pitiless reality of our time—all this is in Thomas Mann. The soul of this novelist, who was more philosopher than writer, is the subject of all his work. Most especially it is the subject of *The Story of A Novel.*

Theology in France

THE VOICES OF FRANCE. By James M. Connolly. Macmillan. $5.50.

By GREGORY BAUM

THIS IS an extremely useful book. Its subtitle, A Survey of Contemporary Theology in France, clearly outlines its contents. After an introductory chapter on the tradition of French theology, the main part of the book deals with the enormous contribution which French scholars are making to Catholic theology today. We find accounts of the biblical, liturgical, and patristic revivals in France. We learn of the great theological concern of such famous writers as de Lubac, Daniélou, Congar, Dondeyne, and others. We find references to the French-speaking centers of theological learning, to the pertinent journals and other scholarly ventures. Throughout, the author indicates the literature available in English.

In his preface the author states that in certain circles in this country there is some prejudice against French theology as if it moved on the edge of orthodoxy, and that one of the reasons for writing the study was to present the enormous literature and let its content be its own justification. If there was really need of this, the book should silence many a doubter. In fact, the reader is overwhelmed by the human vitality of these French writers, by their creativity, their scholarship, and their sense of dedication to the Church. What begins as an apologia for French theology turns unwittingly into a challenge to the comparative unproductiveness of American theology. In France, it appears to be taken for granted that new things happen in theology. These new things, moreover, are read and studied. They provoke intelligent controversy and a public reaction. From the book it appears that theological issues are taken seriously, not by a few priest specialists, but by the clergy as a whole and a large number of the educated laity. *The Voices of France* is not an original book. It is a survey. The author does not wish to speak himself, though his liberal sympathies are evident throughout. It is his aim to let the French writers speak for themselves. He seeks to stimulate interest in his reader and lead him to the source literature.

Father Connolly's excellent and balanced account of modern French theology has one significant lacuna: he does not adequately appreciate the creativity of theological Thomism in France. For him Garrigou-Lagrange seems to have had the last word to say on Thomism. Father Connolly does not make clear that Congar and Journet, whom he mentions, are convinced Thomists, nor does he point to the work of such men as Chenu, Nicolas, Tonneau, Henry, Liege, Roguet, and others, the group of theologians around the *Bulletin Thomiste* and the publication of the *Initiation Theologique* (Theological Library). These men have discovered the breadth of vision proper to the theology of St. Thomas, which transcends the systems created by his later commentators.

It is unfortunate that Father Connolly describes the reaction against our manual theology as if inspired solely by biblical and patristic research, while it is also, and especially, this creative Thomism that has subjected the traditional *cursus theologicus* to a complete revision. It is even more unfortunate that Father Connolly attributes the radical criticism of our customary

RECENT *and* SELLING

A Priest Confesses
by José Luis Martín Descalzo
"If you want a first hand account, blow by blow, of ordination written at white heat by a young Spanish priest-writer of genuine and compelling charm, this is the book for you."—*The Catholic Reporter.* $3.95

The Green Revolution:
Peter Maurin's Easy Essays on Catholic Radicalism
"Maurin died in 1949, but the importance of his ideas and his simple but beguiling presentation of them have preserved their popularity. He was perhaps more provocative than profound, but he was also shrewd, widely read, lively and endowed with a great talent for the telling phrase."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

"In a superbly designed and beautifully printed and illustrated volume, an eminent scholar, philosopher and writer, dealing with a variety of subjects, gives his readers much to think about and practical suggestions on how to help make this a much better place to live."—*The Prairie Messenger.* Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. $4.50

The Mind and Heart of Augustine
Edited by J. M. Flood.
"The essence of this complicated and often contradictory saint neatly distilled."—*The Torch.* Introduction by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. $2.45

and have you read these?

MARIA MONTESSORI: HER LIFE AND WORK
by E. M. Standing. Photos. $5.25

GOD'S INFINITE LOVE AND OURS
by Robert Mageean, C.Ss.R. $2.95

THE LADY FROM TOLEDO
by Fray Angelico Chavez. $3.95

THE DARK VIRGIN: THE BOOK OF GUADALUPE
by Demarest and Taylor. $5

ACADEMY GUILD PRESS
1317 Van Ness, Fresno 3, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Occasional Reader:

This August 25 issue tells you something about The Commonweal —its general tone, a few of the subjects in which it is keenly interested, certain of the ways in which this magazine's editors and its many contributors provide comment on the contemporary scene. But only by reading The Commonweal over a period of successive weeks can you evaluate the full force and flavor of this unique, lay-edited, national journal of opinion.

That is the reason for calling your attention now to the availability of a reduced-rate trial subscription which will extend right through to 1962 and will enable you to become acquainted with the abundance of good reading The Commonweal has to offer you week by week.

In fact, this introductory offer entitles you to seventeen consecutive issues for only two dollars—more than 400 pages of pertinent interpretation and news comment at a saving of half the newsstand price. Entered now, your subscription will bring you such authors as: Gerald Vann, James Rorty, Bernard Murchland, John C. Cort, Joseph Cunneen and Philip Scharper. The attached coupon provides a handy way of ordering your trial subscription without delay, or you may send in your two dollars with a facsimile.

The Commonweal.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:
17 ISSUES FOR $2

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

THE COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 17 issues of The Commonweal to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

8/25/61

moral theology only to the influence of modern philosophy, while the more solid and lasting attack is actually made by the Thomists themselves. The omission of Father Deman's work in this connection is serious. This great theologian, and many others after him, have shown that the modern moral systems based on obligation and conscience are in opposition to the principles of St. Thomas, who thought of morality principally in terms of an interior rule which is applied through the virtue of prudence. We have here a complete program for the renewal of our moral theology.

Apart from this considerable gap, the book is highly recommended. We must be grateful to the author that he has given the American reader a chance to be so easily introduced to the theological wisdom contemporary French Catholicism has brought forth for the benefit of the whole Church.

Ancien Terrible

COLLECTED POEMS. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $5.95.

By MAX COSMAN

ROBERT GRAVES is an individual as alert to his own nature as to that of the world at large. This makes him a formidable person to have around when sacred cats or emperors without clothes are parading about. With gusto he will note you the felinity of the first group and the nakedness of the second. A man, moreover, whose very life is in the ordering of words—how accurate of him to call a typical book of his *Occupation: Writer*—he will couch his observations in any one of the many forms of literature. For he is nothing if not a serious professional, with a prodigious output.

But it is his uninhibitedness, his racy reactions, rather than his fecundity or versatility, that truly denotes Mr. Graves. Constantly intrigued by existence and ideationally pugnacious about the interpretations he accords it—his face, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reporter tells us, combines the features of a saintly pugilist with an expression of perpetual surprise—he has the most nonconformist of opinions on anything or everybody that comes within his ken.

He can refer to Virgil as a great anti-poet who has done more harm than any other poet ever, dying "worth half a million pounds for those handouts he did," or speak of Aeneas as "the chap who sold out to the Greeks," or give praise to Homer for being "a real chap . . . he jolly well had to earn his living in the entertainment business," or, to come to our own times, ask apropos of T. S. Eliot, "Who forced him, during the Battle of the Somme, to attend London tea-parties presided over by boring hostesses?"

Here, of course, we are back to that contempt for the arty and the highfalutin which generally turns Mr. Graves' forays in belles-lettres or what-have-you into fireworks. Here too we touch on the reason for his influence over fellow-writers as diverse as Owen, Spender, Auden and Amis, and for that rise in his poetic stock which makes the present volume an event in creative circles.

Collected Poems, like its several predecessors, is not an all-inclusive collection but a carefully-sifted one. It represents Mr. Graves' choice of poems that pass muster with him today. Roughly chronological—the first poem dates back to the summer of 1914—it is free of such influences as were exerted by the French Symbolists, let us say, and justifies the claim made in a Foreword that it owes nothing to foreign accent or coloring but is true to the Anglo-Irish poetic tradition into which the author was born.

But whether in accord with this tradition or with his younger, middle and elder selves (the second claim in the Foreword) the poems in question have the characteristic note of "good sense; penetrating, often heart-rending sense," which Mr. Graves has decided poetry must have if it is to avoid becoming synthetic or representative of a literary racket.

Which of the poems should one single out from the two hundred and sixty-six given? The earliest one, "In the Wilderness," presents an evocation of the Comrade who

For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind him kept,
Tears like a lover wept

A later one, "Dawn Bombardment," is a recollection in untranquillity of an incident in the war of 1914-1918: "Guns from the sea open against us." Another war experience, "The Shot," marks the confrontation of fantasy and sanity.

There are humorous and ironic poems, anthropological ones, morbid ones. There are those that hit off "a simple, profound human situation," as critic Geoffrey Moore has it, and which go so well with a sequence of twenty-one communings, beginning with

Love is a universal migraine,
A bright stain on the vision
Blotting out reason

and ending with

Yet while you grant me power
to stem
The tides' unalterable flow,
Enroyalled I await your pleasure
And starve if you would have it so

With all his interest in versification—it involves such factors as Welsh metrics, Skeltonics, ballads, English Nursery Rhymes, and Latin practices—Mr. Graves is no experimentalist, no high-fi vocalizer. At the same time he is neither matter-of-fact nor violent. What is he then? Certainly a conservator, one who will not let go anything serviceable in his profession. A solitary too, yet always in touch with what is being done by his contemporaries. Above all, a creative spirit aware of the imperishable estate to which he is dedicated, and, exorcised of pretensions by self-humbling exercises, truly free in his ministrations.

REVIEWERS

Daniel M. Friedenberg is a frequent contributor of articles and reviews.

Father Gregory Baum, O.S.A., is a member of the faculty of St. Basil's Seminary, Toronto and the author of *That They May Be One*.

Max Cosman is a frequent contributor to a number of critical and scholarly journals.

NEVER TOO LATE TO BECOME A PRIEST!

HOLY APOSTLES SEMINARY
Cromwell, Conn.

- **Exclusively for Belated Vocations to the Diocesan, Religious or Missionary Clergy**
- **Full Course Leading to B.A. Degree, including accelerated Latin.**

Write to Director of Admissions

BARNES & NOBLE, Inc.
105 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.
Over 1,000,000 Used & New Textbooks of all publishers at reduced prices

College Subscriptions

INDIVIDUAL teacher and student subscriptions may be entered for 35 weeks (academic year) at $5 each.

CLASS orders, 10 or more copies to one address, may be entered for any number of weeks at 13¢ a copy. A free copy is added for teacher or distributor.

Circulation Dept., The Commonweal

Classified

Irish Books and Gifts

- **Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs**
  IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
  876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York 21, N.Y.

Catholic Books

- **CATHOLIC BOOKS, NEW and USED**
  Free Lists, Free Search Service
  C. F. PETELLE, Box 289, Maywood, Illinois

Handmade Wedding Bands

- **HANDMADE LITURGICAL WEDDING BANDS. Renard A. Koehnemann, c/o St. Benet Shop, Jackson & Wabash Aves., Chicago 4, Ill.**

Housing Investments

- **WANTED: Investors to back their words with deeds. Issue: Housing without discrimination. For prospectus write Morris Milgram, PLANNED COMMUNITIES, 84 Nassau, Princeton, N.J.**

Advertising

Classified

20¢ a word, 12 words minimum
Centered lines: $1.20 a line, 2 lines minimum.
Time discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

Classified Display

$11.90 per inch, minimum.
Same time discounts.
Payable in advance except when ordered through recognized advertising agencies.

The Commonweal

232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
MUrray Hill 3-2042

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coming In Fall

Spirituality Of The New Testament

by W. K. Grossouw

A highly successful attempt by a modern Scripture scholar to make the New Testament meaningful and vital to modern man. Not a textual study nor a manual of biblical theology, but an explanation of the basic themes of the New Testament which have special significance to modern spiritual life.
September $3.95

God And World Order

by Leo R. Ward, C.S.C.

In this his latest work, Father Ward has accomplished the remarkable feat of piecing together the central ideas of almost 2,500 years of Western thought on the question of "purpose". *God and World Order* was written for both the professional philosopher and the student of philosophy.
September $4.00

Saint Paul

A Historical Novel of His Life

by Leon Poirier

The story of the triumphs and sorrows, the disappointments and consolations of the man chosen by Christ to carry the torch of Christianity to the Gentiles. Cast in another era and in another culture, this novel of the life of St. Paul is meaningful for all ages and all cultures.
September $3.95

Catholic Action And The Laity

by Arthur Alonso, O.P., J.C.B.

A much-needed explanation of the nature of Catholic Action, the reasons for its inauguration, how it differs from other associations in the Church, how it collaborates in the work of bishops and pastors, and the obligation of the Catholic layman to be apostolic in the modern world. A book to be read and pondered by every bishop, priest and layman.
September $4.50

The Apostolate Of Moral Beauty

by Henri Morice

Written in simple terms and replete with examples, *The Apostolate of Moral Beauty* proposes a new method of changing the world: moral beauty—"the constant radiation of a beautiful soul in outward demeanor, in the contour of the face, in every lineament of the entire person." Presents a challenge which the true Christian apostle cannot leave unanswered.
October $2.95

Catholic Social Principles

by Cletus Dirksen, C.PP.S.

The confusion caused by the variety of solutions offered for the social question in our era, is more than cleared up by *Catholic Social Principles*. Father Dirksen begins at the beginning with a study of the nature of man and of man's dignity; from there he expands the concept of human ingenuity for social organization.
October $4.00

Spiritual Conferences

by John Tauler, O.P.

A fresh translation of selected sermons by one of Germany's greatest masters of spirituality, to commemorate the sixth centenary of Tauler's death. The voice of John Tauler, extraordinary preacher of spiritual conferences, still has a message of vital significance. A timeless classic now available in modern English.
November $4.25

Spirituality Of The Old Testament VOLUME ONE

by Paul-Marie of the Cross, O.C.D.

A book on Old Testament Scripture which is a gratifying departure from the historical and critical approach. Here the Old Testament is presented in all its spiritual significance for Christian living. A book that is rewarding in its applications to the modern Christian life.
Ready $4.25

At your bookstore

HERDER of ST. LOUIS

17 South Broadway

St. Louis 2, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED